CITT AND BUMPKIN.

OR,

A Learned Diſcourſe upon

SWEARING

And

LYING,

And other Laudable Qualities tending

TO A

Thorow Reformation.

THE SECOND PART.

Sir Roger L'Estrange

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Brome* at the Gun in *S. Pauls* Church-yard, 1680.

To the READER.

IT *is a great deal of* Time, Pains, *and* Good-Will, *that I have employ'd upon my* Duty, *in the Vindication of the* Church *and* State, *from the Malice of* bold, *and* petulant Libells: *And not one word of* Reply, *ſave only from the pittifull* Expounder *of my* Anſwer *to the* Appeal; (*mentioned elſewhere*) *which was,* (*in truth*) *ſo* clamorouſly ſilly, *that inſtead of an* Abuſe, *it prov'd a* Complement. *But to ſee the Luck on't: Juſt as I was about to take out my* Quietus; *the* Cauſe, *cold i'th' mouth; and to every bodies thinking, without either* Breath *or* Pulſe; *behold* Two unanſwerable Confutations; *the* One, *in* Manuſcript, *by way of a* Familiar Epiſtle; *and the* Other, *in* Print. *The* Letter *was a* Prologue *to the* Book, *as the* Book *may* (*in good time*) *be a* Prologue *to the* Pillory; *if making the* King *One of the* Three Eſtates, *may recommend the Author of it to That Preferment. This Epiſtle of his crept in the dark one night into my* Bookſellers Shop; *as* Naturally *as if his Mother had been a* Bulker, *and yet the Man's no* Baſtard *neither, at leaſt by the* Mothers *ſide; as you will finde by his* Stile *and* Logick: *which ſpeaks him as true a Son of the* Kirk, *as if the Pamphlett had been written with the very Milk of his* Dam. *It is drawn out into* Two Large Folio's; *and truly too* much, *and too* beaſtly, *to recite at length; ſo that I ſhall only preſent ye with, here and there a* Taſt, *of his* Vein, *and* Humour, *and ſome ſhort Notes upon it, by the* By. *He begins,* Monſieur CRACK. *Now there may ariſe ſome Controverſy perhaps, among the* Criticks, *about the Word* Crack, *and ſo I ſhall* Expound *it to ye: but you'le finde the* Reſt *to be Exceeding* plain.

One Griffith *wrote a ſmart Paper of Verſes upon Dr.* Wild, *wherein he call'd him the* Presbyterians Jack-Pudding, *This was an Alluſion proper enough; for why ſhould not* Mountebanks *in* Religion *have their* Jack-Puddings *as well as* Mountebanks *in* Phyſick? *But however, the* Dr. *took* mee *to be the Authour of the Copy, and in Revenge,* (*the* News-book *being at that time in my hand*) *was pleas'd to* Chriſten *me the* Crack-ſart *of the* Nation. (*As it may be many an honeſt mans Fortune to have a Wag to his* God-father. *This Secret I have told the Reader in* Confidence; *and I hope it ſhall go no further: and upon that aſſurance I'le proceed.*

['Tis no new thing (*ſays the Letter-man*) for *Pimping* to raiſe a *Villain* to preferment; and that has been of late your daily bread: For what is all yonr *Impudent Scribling*, but the Act of *Procuring*, for *Popery* and *Tyranny*.] *So that writing for the* King, *and the* Church *it ſeems, is writing for* Popery *and* Tyranny.

And again, Dr. *Oates* is as much above your *Malicious Raillery*, as you are below *Common Honeſty*; and even *CARE*, I am Confident can beſtow time better, then in minding the Yelps of ſuch a *Cerberus*, ſuch a *Proſtituted Raſcall*, a *Sycophant* to *Cromwell*; *betrayer Then* of *Cavaliers*.]

Now if it be Malicious Raillery, *to magnify Dr.* Oates's ſervices; *to improve his* Diſcoveries; *to Illuſtrate his* Evidence; *to recommend his* Writings; *to elevate his* Abilities; *to ſet forth his* Hazzards (*on* Both *Sides*) *as well from the* Fanatiques, *as the* Jeſuits; *to maintain him for a* Canonicall Aſſerter *of the Church of* England, *againſt all Gainſayers*; *to Enumerate the* Good-Offices *he has render'd to the* poor Proteſtants, *and to* pray *that he may be rewarded according to his* Deſerts, *for all the good he has done us: If this, I ſay, be* Malicious Raillery, *then am I* guilty

guilty *of it: But if all This be* Good, *where's the* Malice? *Or if it be* True, *where's the* Raillery? *And this is not all neither; the purging of my* Self: *But whosoever calls this* Deference *and* Justice *to the* Doctor, *by the Name of* Raillery, *does manifestly imply the* Ground *of it to be* False; *to the wounding of the* Drs. Testimony, *and to the blasting of him in the Reputation of his* Literature, Probity *and* Manners.

There's the same hand again in Tom *and* Dick: *(for I le publish his Pamphlet for him.)* pag. 28. L'Estrange *(he says)* has Serenaded *Dr. Oates* of late most notably; and caress'd him, just as *Joab* did *Abner. In which Case I shall Appeal to* Authority *for* Justice *upon the* Defamer *of the* Kings Evidence, *and a* Loyall Subject *both in* One. *In the same Page he makes a Proffer at an Argument.* He that is not *against* us *(he says)* is *with* us: *But* L'Estrange *never wrote* against Papists, *and therefore he's a* Papist: *by which Rule, if the* Authour *never wrote* against Lame Giles *in* Holburn, *or a* Little Lowsy Monky *in the* Old-Bayly, *then the* Authour *is a* Lame Giles *in* Holburn, *or a* Little Lowsy Monky *in the* Old-Bayly. *The man* Sweats *ye see, on the behalf of the* Dr, *but when he comes to* his friend *C A R E he's* stark mad, *(the Lord bless us) and falls into* Fits; Cerberus, Rascal, Sycophant, Traytor; *(for there's a wonderful Sympathy, you must know, betwixt the* Author *and this same* Care.) *But these are the* Ornaments, *and* Idioms *of his Profession; I must not call them* Lies, *but* Presbyterianisms.

Yet again, [Really *Roger,* Thy Fiddle is as Damnably out of Tune, and Thy Credit as much out at Elbows, as when thou didst *prostitute Body and Soul* to *Noll's High Nose*; and thou wilt look shortly worse by half then *Harris* in the *Pillory*, &c. *And yet once more,* Prethee get *S*—— (that *Quintessence* of *Knavery*) or any of the *St. Omer-Rogues*, thy Common.

Compa-

Companions; I see *thee*, and some *Irish Cutthrotes* every Night with thee, at *Man's*, &c.

Here's Another Flower *of his* Rhetorique, *and the Blaspheming of a* Protestant Martyr, *over and above*; *with two or three* Presbyterianisms *more*, *into the Bargain*.

Here's Wit at Will *ye see*, *in the* Dialect, *directly of a* Western Barge: *But the Man's in a Course of* Physick, *and there's no more* Contending *with him*, *then with the* Governor *of a* Night-Cart, *that carries his* Arguments *in his* Tubs. *It is said to be the Work of one* Harry Langly-Samuel: *But whoever it is, by my Troth, I do e'en pitty the Wretch, for he's* set On, *and only* Barks *for a* Crust. *But upon the whole matter there went more Heads then One, I'le assure ye, to this Learned Piece; and (as* Lacies Wench *(in* Monsieur Ragou) *said of her* Bastard, *'tis the* Troops Child: *And a very* Unmannerly Brat *it is*; *I'le be judg'd by the* Thrid-Merchant *else*.

Now to conclude in a grave Word or two, this way of Fooling is neither my Talent, *nor my* Inclination; *but I have great Authorities yet, for the taking up of This Humour, in regard not only of the* Subject *but of the* Age *we Live in, which runs so much upon the* Droll, *that hardly any thing else will down with it. Give me leave to say further, that in this Dress of* Levity, *I have not only avoided the* Scurrility *of a* Buffon, *and the* Hyperbole *of an* Extravagant, *and* Unnatural Satyr; *but I have endeavour'd to paint* Truth it self *to the* Life, *without any* Prepossessions *of* Malevolence *against either* Parties, *or* Persons. *The* King *and the* Church *have been already destroy'd (even within Our Memories) under the* Disguises *of* Loyalty, *and* Holiness. *And these* Dialogues *are only presented to the* Publick, *as a kinde of* Historical Map *of our* Late Miseries; *that by* laying Open *the* Rocks, *and* Sands *that we perisht upon before, the People may be* Caution'd *against the* Danger, *and* Design *of a* Second Miscarriage.

Citt.

CITT and *BUMPKIN*.

The Second Part.

Citt. LEt's ee'n jogg on to *Hampſtead* then; and talk it out, where we may Look about us.

Bum. True man's *a meddling*-Coxcomb, *and there's an end on't. An* Eves-dropping-Cur, *to bolt in upon us out of a Cloſet ſo.*

Citt. 'Tis as I told ye, *Bumpkin*, and ye may lay it down for a *Maxim*; that SWEARING and LYING *Governs the World.* Swearing and Lying Governs the World.

Bum. *Why what do ye think of* Canting, Couſening, Plotting, Poyſoning, Supplanting, Suborning.

Citt. 'Tis all from the *Same Root*, and the Conning of *This Leſſon* makes ye Maſter of your *Trade.*

Bum. *Of what* Trade, *as thou lov'ſt me?*

Citt. The *Trade* of *Mankind, Bumpkin*; the *Trade* of *Knavery*: The *Trade* of turning *Dirt* into *Gold*: The *Trade* of *Advancing Raſcalls*, and *Overturning Governments*; the *Trade* of taking the *Covenant* with *One hand*, and Cutting a *Throat* with the *Other*; the *Trade* of the *Temple-walks*; The *honeſt Affidavit-Trade.*

Bum. *But doſt thou call this an* Honeſt *Trade*, Citt?

Citt. Yes, yes, *Bumpkin*, it is a *very Honeſt Trade* that a man's the Better for; and he's a very *Honeſt Man* too that lives by his *Calling.* Why it brings *Power*, and *Reputation* along with it; nay and it brings *Money* too, that brings *Every thing.*

Bum. Reputation *ſay'ſt thou? why they're two of the* Damn'deſt Qualities *in* Nature.

Citt. And yet *theſe two Damn'd Qualities*, as thou cal'ſt them, got the Better of the *Late King*; and afterward of the *Commons*; and after That, of the *Protector*; and to be Plain with ye, *Bumkin*, 'tis all that we our ſelves have to truſt to.

Bum. *I cannot imagine what kind of* Swearing *and* Lying *it is that ye ſpeak of.*

Citt.

Citt. I do not ſpeak of the way of the *Bulleys*; the *Dam-me-boys*, or the *Iriſh Cut-throats*: I hate that *Confounding*, *Damning*, *Sinking*, *Rotting* humour of *Swearing*. I am for the Swearing *Seldoms*, and to *Purpoſe*; that is to ſay, for the Engaging of a *Party*; or for the making out of a *Stabbing Evidence*, or ſo.

Swear ſeldom, but to Purpoſe.

Bum. *Oh ho, I underſtand ye now: and the* Scrupling *of a* Small Oath *gives a man* Credit *in a* Great One.

Citt. There's a great difference, betwixt Swearing in a *Religion*-way, and in a *Profane*; though the *Subſtance* of the *Thing Sworn* come all to the ſame Paſſe: for there's *Heaven*, and *Hell* in the caſe, on both ſides. As in the Inſtance now of the Late *Proteſtations*, *Vows*, *Oaths*, and *Covenants*, that were Sworn in the Preſence of the *Allmighty* and *Everliving God*; and as the Lords and Commons ſhould *Anſwer for't at the Laſt day*: In aſſertion of their *Zeal*, and *Affection* for His *Majeſties Honour*, and *Authority*, and the Eſtabliſhment of our *Religion*, *Laws*, and *Liberties*. What a *Dignity*, what a *Majeſty* is here in the very *Stile*, and *Number*! Though in the *Concluſion* let me tell ye, the Project went quite to another Tune.

Religious ſwearing, and *Profane*.

Bum. *Ay ay*; *the* Damme *of the* Covenant *in the* Church *ſtrikes a man with ſuch a* Reverence *methinks, over the* Hectors Scandalous Damme *in a* Tavern.

Citt. Moſt acutely obſerv'd: for the *Scandall* lies in the *Condition* of the *Place*, and in the *Sound* of the words, not in the *Meaning* of them.

Bum. *I had Terrible* Qualmes *at firſt*, Citt, *about the Swallowing of* Oaths, *and other* Puntillos *of* Scruple; *but they are nothing ſo* Frequent *of* Late, *nor ſo* Troubleſome *as they were* wont *to be.*

Conſcience: harden by degrees.

Citt. That will All over *Bumpkin* in time. Where's the *Good Fellow* that did not *Puke* upon his *Firſt Debauch*! And a *Bawd* is never the leſſe *Reverend*, becauſe ſhe *Whimper'd* perhaps ſome Five and Fifty Years agoe, for the Loſſe of her *Maydenhead*. Nay it was a good while, before our *Hero's Themſelves* could bring their *Oaths* of *Allegiance*, and their *Covenants* to *Conjobble* together.

Bum. *Why for that matter*; *All's but* Uſe Citt; *All's but* Uſe.

Citt. Nothing in the World elſe: And when a man has got the Trick on't, if he has taken *Twenty Oaths*, hee'le fetch ye up *any One* of them again, that you'le *call* for, with as much eaſe, as the *Water-drinker* at *Bartholomew-Fair* does his *Several Liquors.*

Bum.

Bum. *It is certain, that an* Oath, *or the calling of* God *to* Witnesse, *is the most* Solemn, *and* Universall Tye *in Nature, and so Accompted, among People of all* Nations, *and* Opinions. The Tye of an Oath.

Citt. And there's no doubt, but the Influence that it has upon mens minds, is the most Powerfull of all Impressions; and of the greatest effect, in the Manage of our most Important affairs. So that it is no wonder to see all matters of the Highest moment, as well *Private*, as *Publique*, as well *Warrantable*, as *Not*, committed to this way of *Caution*, and *Test*.

Bum. *'Tis very true, as in the Case of* Testimony, Civil Duty, *and* Canonical Obedience.

Citt. Now as the Wit of Man could never invent a more Competent Expedient, then *These Oaths*, well apply'd, for the *Maintainance* of the *Government*, and the *Support* of *Publick Justice*: So whosoever would *Dissolve* this Frame, must finde a way to introduce *OTHER OATHS* in *Opposition* to *These*; and to turn the Edg of the *Law*, and of the *Gospel*, against *it self*, by drawing the most *Popular Lawyers*, and *Divines* into the *Party*. This is the Naked Truth of the business; and to deal plainly with ye, unless you give me your *Solemn Oath*, that you'l be *True* to *me*, and *Firm* to the *Cause in hand*, I must not move one Inch further. The Use and danger of Oaths.

Bum. *Why then by all that was ever sworn by before, I will be* Both.

Citt. The League is now struck, and the *sooner* we Unmasque, the *better*; for it begets *Freedom*, and *Confidence* in each Other.

Bum. *Here are two difficulties in the way, which I would fain have remov'd*; *the* One *is, how to get the* People *to take such an Oath of* Opposition *as is here Imagin'd*; *and the* Other *is how to* Countenance, *and* Palliate *the* keeping *of That Oath, when they have* Taken *it*.

Citt. It was the Masterpiece of our Late Reformers, to Contrive such an *Oath*, as in the *Sense*, and *Grammer* of it carry'd the face of a Provision for the *Common benefit*, and *Security*, both of *King* and *People*, upon pretence that the *Government Civil*, and *Ecclesiastical*, and the *Protestant Religion in self* were all in *danger*. This plausible Imposture went down with the Common People, without much Examination; especially under the Colour of a *Parliamentary Authority* to back it: And it was so far from appearing at first Blush, to thwart the *Regular Oaths* of the *Government*, that it seem'd to the *Multitude*, rather to *Second* The Project and Misery of the Covenant.

and *Enforce* them. But when they came to finde, that they had sworn to they knew not *what*, and that *This Covenant*, being Originally *design'd* for an Engine to *Unhinge* the *Government*, the *Takers* of it were ty'd up to the sense of the *Impostors*: They had but this Choice before 'um; either to *comply* with the Ends of the *Cabal* that set it a foot, or to deliver up their *Lives*, and *Fortunes* at *Mercy*.

Bum. *So that the* Letter *of the Oath, was* For *the Government, and the* Intent Against *it. But what Arguments did they use for the* supporting *of it, after the Discovery of the* Fraud?

Citt. Only the Common Arguments of Exorbitant Power; *Jayls, Plunders, Confiscations, Axes, Gibbets*, &c. for breach of *Covenant*.

Bum. *Well, but there was a Train of* Contradictory Oaths *afterward, One upon the heel of another, through I know not how many Changes of State; what became of the* Covenant *in* those Revolutions?

Citt. The *Single Covenant* had *all those Oaths* in the Belly of it; and as many more, as it is possible to find Cases within the Compasse of human Apprehension: For it imported an *Absolute* and *Implicit Resignation* to the *Will* and *Pleasure*, of whoever was *Uppermost*; so that the Submissions of those times were only look't upon as *Passive*, and *Temporary Yieldings* to the *Present Power*, still as *One Interest* justled *out another*.

The Covenant had all the following Oaths in the Belly of it.

Bum. *And there were some too, it may be, that when they were once Fool'd out of the way, made it a matter of Conscience not to be set Right again.*

Citt. Oh, there were a great many that thought themselves *bound* by the *Latter Oath*, and *Discharg'd* of the *Former*; Especially, when they had got the better end of the Staff, and *All Power is from God*, in *Their Favour*. But to be short, whatout of *Fear, Shame, Weakness, Obstinacy*, and the like; they stuck to the *Combination*, and made themselves Masters of the Government.

Bum. *You have here set forth in this famous Instance of the* Covenant, *how* Easily *and by what* Means *the Multitude may be invigled into* Engagements; *and you have laid open the* Consequences *of such* Leagues, *and the* Difficulty *of* Retriving *them*: *But how shall we apply* This Model *now to* our Purpose?

Citt. Why just as *They* apply'd the *Holy League* of *France*, to *Their*: for the Common people have the very same *Passions*, the same

ſame *Weakneſſes*, *Now*, that they had *then*: and if ſome of our *Cock-brayn'd Zelots* had not *out-run the Conſtable*, we might have been half way to our Journeys end by this time.

Bum. *Nay the truth of it is* Citt; *the Nation is nothing near ſo* The Good *hott upon the buſineſſe now, as they were ſome* Ten *or* Twelve months Old Cauſe agoe: *and they grow ſtill cooler and cooler methinks, every day more* cools of late. *then other.*

Citt. And what's the Reaſon of all This, now? we play our Game too open, and the Plot's Diſcover'd.

Bum. *Well well* Citt, *ſome body will ſmoak for this One day.*

Citt. If we could have contented our ſelves with an Orderly Emprovement of the *Popiſh Conſpiracy*, and gone thorough the work of *Religion*, before we meddled with Matter of *State*; we had done the *Jobb*, but the *Republicans* hurry'd us on ſo faſt: (Ay and *Great ones* too) I ſhould be loth (as thou ſayſt) to be in ſome of their Jackets for't.

Bum. *Nay really I was ſenſible of it my ſelf, that they did things* hand over head; *and ran on many times without either* Fear *or* Wit. *But however, I ſhould be glad to be particularly Inſtructed how far they did* Well *or* Ill, What *they* ſhould *have done* inſtead *on't, where they did* amiſs; *and what we our* ſelves are *to do, as the Caſe ſtands with Us at preſent.*

Citt. This is a Contemplation well digeſted, and I'le ſpeak by and by to thy four Queſtions in courſe as they lye.

We have been hammering (thou knoweſt) at *Popery*, *Ceremo-* The Fana- *nies*, *Subſcriptions*, *Oaths*, and *Teſts*, *Liberty of Conſcience*, and ticks gain'd now and then a ſnap at *Arbitrary Power*, ever ſince the King lit'le ground came in, without gaining any ground upon the *Government* more till of late. then what we bought with our *hard money*; that is to ſay, ſo many flowers of the *Crown*, for ſo many *Taxes*, and *Supplies*. (The Nation being divided upon theſe Points, and the *Crown* and *Church-Party* ſtanding in Oppoſition to the Other). At length broke out this accurſed Deſign upon the *Life* of our *Sovereign*, and our *Eſtabliſh'd Religion*. Which Providence united *Both Intereſts* in *One Common Cauſe*, though with *differing Ends*.

Bum. *This you'l ſay, was a fair Foundation laid, as to the Total deſtruction of the* Papiſts, *but when* That's done, Citt, *where are we to be* Next?

Citt. Why that will *never* be done man; while there's a *Sur-* No End of *plice* or a *Blew Garter* in the Three Kingdoms. For there's your Papiſts.

Church-Papist, your *Pentioner-Papist*, your *Papist in Masquerade*, your *Concealed Papist*, these are all of 'um forty times worse then your *Known*, *Jesuited*, and *Barefac'd Papist*. And in One word, 'tis as easy a thing to give any man the *mark* of the *Beast*, that stands in *Our way*, as for a *Horse-courser* to make a *Star* in a *Jades Forehead*.

Bum. *Without all doubt* Citt, *and whosoever does not* Petition, Protest, Associate, Covenant, Act, *and* Believe *as* We *do, is a Rank* Papist.

How to know a Papist.

Citt. Nay, I'le go further with ye *Bumkin*; I'le tell ye by a mans *Evidence*, his *Furniture*, his *Trunk*, his *Brains*, or his *Estate*, without ever examining his *Faith*, whether he be a *Protestant* or a *Papist*. I have led ye a little out of your way, to shew ye this secret, and assure your self, *whenever this Cloak fails ye, y'are left Naked*. But now to the Question of *managing* This Occasion.

How far the Faction Acted Prudently.

So far as the *Court*, the *Church*, and the *Bench* went along with us, in the *Opening*, the *Exposing*, the *Discountenancing*, and passing *Sentence* upon this *Hellish Plot*, we could not do amiss. And then it was well follow'd, in getting the *Popish Lords* out of the *House*; In dividing the Order of *Bishops*, into *Three Protestants*, and the *Rest*, *Papists*; as it has been *since*, in feeding the Peoples *Jealousies* all over the Kingdom, with daily Intelligences of *New Fires*, *New Plots*, *New Discoveries*, to keep their *Fears Waking*, though in most Cases without any Ground whatsoever.

Bum. *'Twas a plain thing there, in some of the* Penmen *of the* Narrative *to bring the King into the Plot against* himself, *was't not?*

Citt. Well, and was it not a notable Push, to charge it so home upon the *Council*, that *they would clap Up no body for't?*

Bum. *And really, to give the* Intelligences *their* due, *they ha'n't spar'd telling his* Majesty, *the* Judges, *and the* Bishops, *their Own neither.*

Citt. It has been well enough done too, to brand those for *Publick Enemies*, that would not go along with us; and for *Popishly-Affected*, that but so much as open their Mouths for *Moderation*; to ply his *Majesty* with Petitions, the *City* and *Country*, with *Speeches*, *Remonstrances*, and *Appeals*. The Starting the Case of the *Succession* was not *amiss* neither, nor the *President* of *Queen* Elizabeths *Association*.

Bum. *But I have heard my Old Master speak of* that Association, *as a Trick of* State, *with a special regard to the Queen of* Scots, *and that*

that though Cambden *makes the* Queen *say that* she had no knowledge of it before it was presented, *he does not say so yet* himself.

Citt. There have been several Deliberations also upon Entring into *Publick Protestations* of *Joyning as One man against Popery*, that have been very Favourable to our Purpose: And it was no *Ill* Contrivance, the Burning of the *Pope*, with that Solemnity in *Fleet-street*.

Bum. *And what do ye think of the* List *of the* Unanimous Club *of* Voters? (*That about the* Court Pensioners *I mean*;) *That was a Notable device, let me tell ye: for hardly any of them got into the* House *after. But still if all this has been so much to our* Advantage, *how comes it that we lose* Ground, *and that any thing else should take place* Against *us.*

Citt. We may e'en thank a Company of *Hot-headed Fools* in our *own* Party. For taking off the *Masque too* soon; and for *Writing* and *Printing* so unseasonably against the *Civil Government* whatever came uppermost: which they have done to that degree of *Inconsiderate Rashness*, that the *Long Parliament* had an *Army* in the *Field*, before they ventur'd half so far. They have already set the *Lords and Commons* above the *King*, plac'd the *Government* in the *People*, nay, they have been Nibbling already at the *Militia*, the Power of *Life* and *Death*, and of *Calling*, and *Dissolving Parliaments*: They have Reviv'd the 19 *Old Propositions*; tearing his Majesties *Servants*, and *Ministers* out of the very Arms of their *Master*; and they have as good as told the King in plain terms before-hand, what he is to *Trust* to, I do not speak here of any of our *Parliamentary Proceedings*; but of the Licence of *Private Libertines* that *write* and *talk* at *random*. The oversight of the Fanaticks.

Bum. *Nay 'tis but too True*, Citt; *For't has been cast in* my *Teeth Twenty times*: Matters are come to a fine Passe, *they cry*, when the Kings *Life* is to be preserv'd by those that would take the *Crown* off on's head; and the *Protestant Religion* by the *Professt Enemies* of the Church of *England*. *But now ye have told me wherein they did* Well *and* Ill, *let me hear in the Next place what they should have done: if* You *had been their* Adviser.

Citt. They should have *Perpetuated* the *Apprehensions* of *Popery* by Good *Husbandry* and *Manage*; without running the whole Party down at a Heat, till there was hardly a Papist left in a Country for a man to throw his Cap at.

Bum. *Why That's the thing, man; They have destroy'd the Game*

to

to that degree that we are e'en ready to Eat up one another.

Poachers have destroy'd the Game.

Citt. Ay, ay; So many *Poachers*, they have spoyl'd all: We should have kept a stock of Priests and Jesuits in *Reserve*, and playd'um off now and then, one after another at Leisure. This would have entertain'd the *Multitude* well enough; and kept the *Humour* in a *Ferment*, and *Disposition* for *greater matters*.

Bum. *Very Right*, Citt; *We should have* Hang'd *to day as we may* Hang *to morrow*; *for an* Execution *is an* Execution; *if it be but of* One, *as well as of* Twenty.

Much Blood turns Rage into Pity.

Citt. Yes, and we see besides, that *much Blood*, and *Numerous Executions* turn the *Holy Rage* of a People many times into a *Foolish*, and *Degenerate Pity*: over and above, that at the Other Thrifty rate, we could never have wanted matter to work upon.

Rash Informers scandalize better Evidence

Bum. *There's hardly any thing*, Citt; *that has done us more Mischief, then the Accusing of This* Lord, *That* Commoner; *This* Bishop, *That* Alderman; *This* Citizen, *That* Country-Gentleman; *for* Popishly-Affected; *when the whole world knows 'um to be* Church-of England-Protestants. *One cryes 'tis* Spite *to the* Person, *Another will have it to be* Malice *to the* Government; *a Third calls the* Informers *a Company of* Rogues, *that Care not what they say, and brings a* Scandall *upon* better Evidence, *Nay and who knows at last, but these pittyfull Fellows may be set on by the* Papists, *to disparage the* Plot?

Citt. Not unlikely *Bumpkin*; For there's nothing makes men more *Secure*, and *Careless*, in the Case of *Real Dangers*, then the Frequent Trifling of them with *False Alarms*. But yet let me tell ye, as to the Other point; that it is not *Simply* the *Charging* of men, (according to your Instances) for *Popishly-affected*, but the Charging of them *Unreasonably*, that does Us the great *Mischief*. For our work will never go *on* without *Popery*; and rather *Want Papists*, we must *Create* them. But This is not a Project to be perfected at a *Heat*.

Bum. *And we are not in Condition*, Citt; *to wait the doing of it by* Degrees. *What becomes of us* Now *Then?*

Citt. Oh, set your heart at ease for That, *Bumkin*. we have Twenty Irons in the Fire; and if those fail, we'le have twenty Fires more, and Twenty times as many Irons again in every Fire. We should have gone on, fair and softly, in the very steps of our *Predecessors*: But if men will leave the plain *Road*,

and be trying Experiments, upon their Own Heads, over *Hedge and Ditch*, to finde out a nearer way to their Journeys End; who can help it, if they break a Leg or an Arm by the way, and so fall short at last? More haste then speed.

Bum. *Why then 'tis but so much time loſt, and going back into the* Road *again.*

Citt. Juſt as if when a man has ſhewed himſelf and Frighted up the *Fowl*, you ſhould ſend him back again to his *Stalking-horſe* to make his *Shoot*. But as it is, however, we muſt make the beſt of a Bad Game, and take our meaſures as we ſee Occaſion.

Bum. *As how*, take our Meaſures, *I prethee?*

Citt. As thus *Bumkin*. We muſt ſhape our Courſe, according to the Circumſtances before us, with a reſpect to the *Power*, and *Intereſt* of *Parties*, *Change* of *Counſels*, and to the *State*, the *Humour*, and the *Inſtruments* of *Government*: So that what's *Beneficial* to *day*, may be *Dangerous* to *morrow*, and perhaps *Profitable* again the *Next*. Rules of Policy vary with the matters they are to work upon.

Bum. *But how ſhall the* Common People *judge of theſe* Nicetie*s?*

Citt. Why they are not to *Judge* at all ye Fool; but to be menag'd, with *Inviſible Wires* like *Puppets*; and not to know either the *Why*, or the *What*, of things, but to *do* as they are *bid*.

Bum. *I have been expecting a good while that ye ſhould ſay ſomething concerning* Swearing.

Citt. Why ſo I *Have*, and ſo I *Will*. But I'le firſt give ye the whole *Scheme* of the buſineſs in ſhort. The *Government* can never be *Undermin'd*, but by a *Confederacy*; there can be no *Confederacy* without an *Oath*: Nor any thought of a *Popular Oath*, without a *Colour* of ſome *Authority* to *Countenance* it; Nor any *Colourable Authority*, but in a *Well-Affected Houſe of Commons*; and *that Qualification* depends wholly upon a Right Choice of the *Members*, as *that Choice* again depends upon the *good Inclination* of thoſe that *Chuſe* them.

Bum. *So that the* Good-Will *of the* People *is the Key of the Work; and we have gain'd that point already.*

Citt. We HAD gain'd it *Bumkin*, but they fall off moſt confoundedly. The next ſtep, is a *Well-principled Houſe of Commons*. (and the *Reſt* follows in *Courſe*,) How this will prove I know not; but the Nation has been warn'd ſufficiently againſt your Practiſes in Elections.

Eccleſi-

Eccleſiaſtical Officers, Prelatical Men, Courtiers, Penſioners, Debauchees, and the like.

Bum. *Nay, we made the veriеſt Rogues of 'um, in the* Country: *too: As* Papiſts, Atheiſts, *and the Devil and all. And yet, let me tell ye, the* Court, *and* Country-Party *carry'd it in many places in ſpite of the Hearts of us; but that's no fault of* Ours, *you'l ſay. Hold a little, Did not you tell me t'other day that we ſhould bring our* Petitions *about again?*

Citt. Yes, I did, but the Committee has taken up Other Reſolutions ſince; for it made ſuch a Noiſe ye ſee, that people were taken Notice of, and undone by't. This phanſy of *Proroguing*, and *Diſſolving*, has daſht all.

Bum. *So that* Petitioning *is quite out of Doors then.*

Citt. No, not ſo neither, *Bumpkin*; but we muſt look hereafter to the *Timing* and to the *Matter* of our Petitions. Our *Cockbrain'd Linnen-Draper* there made a Filthy ſtir; I would his Tongue had been in a Cleft-ſtick.

Bum. *Well; but there are Swinging Petitions afoot yet, for all This.*

Citt. Nay we may live to ſee ſome of the Lords *Spiritual* and *Temporal* upon their *Mary-bones* yet, before we have done with 'um. But not a word of This, till we ſee how the Parliament's in Tune for't.

Bum. *And That's but Reaſon,* Citt; *for fear* We *ſhould be for* One *thing, and* They *for* Another.

The Wiſdom of the Long Parliament.

Citt. Wherefore 'twas wiſely done of the *Long Parliament*, to have a *Private Cabal* of their *Own*: For ſo long as they drew the Petitions *Themſelves*, the *Houſe*, and the *Petitioners* would be ſure to agree upon the Matter.

Bum. *So much for the* Timing, *and the* Matter *of Petitions. But when ſhall we come to the point of* Swearing, Citt?

Citt. I'le lead ye to't in a Trice; Firſt we *Petition*, for one thing after another, till we come at laſt to be *Deny'd*; The *next* advance is to *Aſſociate*, and *Then*, to *Swear*.

Bum. *Well! but This muſt be under the Banner of the* Peoples Repreſentative.

Citt. No doubt on't; and That's the Eaſieſt thing in the World to compaſſe, if we can but, *Firſt*, get a *Right Houſe of Commons*; and *then*, Liberty for them to *Sit* till all Grievances be *Redreſt*: which was the very end of putting in a Clauſe for't, in the *Late Petition*?

Bum.

Bum. *If we could bring it to That once, we should be just in the Old Track again. But what kind of* Oath *must it be at last?*

Citt. It must be an *Oath* made up of *Ambiguities*, and *Holy Words*; not a half-penny matter for the *Sense* on't; for you must know, that tho' it looks like an Oath of *Religion*, on the *One side*, 'tis an Oath of *Allegiance*, on the *Other*; and a *Diſclaimer* of the *King's*, in Submiſſion to the *Sovereignty* of the *Commons*. The Compoſition of a Popular Oath.

Bum. *There's no great Queſtion to be made of the Effects of ſuch an* Oath, *and ſuch a* Conjuncture, *as is here ſuppoſ'd; but how ſhall we come at it I pre'thee?*

Citt. Time, and *Patience* Overcome all things, *Bumpkin*. We have *Friends*, *Brains*, *Money*, and the grace of making the beſt of our *Opportunities*. One man is wrought upon by *Ambition*; Another by *Avarice*; a Third by *Revenge*; and we have our ways of *Acceſſe* to all *Humours*, and *Perſons*. How many *Favorites* do we read of, that for fear of *Impeachments*, have Sacrific'd their *Maſters*, to ſave *their own skins*. For *Princes themſelves* are not without their *Traſtable*, and *Eaſy Seaſons*, of being Prevail'd upon.

Bum. *From what you have here deliver'd, I draw This* Generall Conclusion; *that* Change *of* Accidents *muſt of Neceſſity produce* Change *of* Methods, *and* Reſolutions: (*Provided allways, that there be ſtill maintain'd a Tendency, tho' by* Severall ways, *to the* Same End) *and that, in all Caſes, the* Oath *is the* Sanction *of the* Confederacy. Change of accidents produce change of Reſolutions.

Citt. You have it Right thus farr, *Bumpkin*; and you ſee what *Power* an *Oath* has as well upon the *Bodies*, as the *Minds* of men; even to the blowing up of the Soundeſt *Foundations*, and to the drawing *Order* afterward out of That *Confuſion*. You ſee, in ſhort, the *Effects* of it in a *Politicall* way; and the Ordinary *Means* of gaining it. You would not think now, what an Advantage He has above Other People, in the Common Affairs and Buſ'neſſe of the world, (even betwixt Man and Man) that has been train'd up in This School of *Popular Confederacies*, and *Contracts*.

Bum. *Nay*, Practice, *and* Experience *are* Mighty Helps, *beyond all peradventure*: *But yet I have ſeen ſome People go a great way in* Swearing, *by the meer ſtrength of* Nature. Natural Faculties in Swearing.

Citt. Yes, yes; for a *Down-right Dunſtable, Through-pac'd* way of *Swearing*; a *Ready Tongue*, with a *good Memory*; and a

Competent ſtock of *Aſſurance* will do very Pretty things.

Bum. *Why I had a Friend to'ther day that was at a Loſſe for a* Releaſe; *he made no more adoe, but away into* Alſatia, *where he told his Story in the Hearing of two Competent Witneſſes*; *and* whip *Sir* Jethro *they had him in a Twinkling, and ſo brought him off with Honour.*

Citt. This Old *Faſhion'd way* did well enough in *Straffords* days and *Laud's*: But we are now Infinitely Refin'd. And yet I cannot but allow that a *Happy Genius* may do a great deal that way; but when you come to *Caſuiſticall Points* that require *Reading, Conference*, and *Invention*; what will become of your *Thorough-pac'd Alſatia-man*, do ye think, with his *Natural Talent?*

Why thou art in the Altitudes, Citt; *a* Caſuiſticall Oath *ſay'ſt?* *What is the knack of That ſame* Caſuiſticall Oath, *I pre'thee?*

A Caſuiſtical Oath. *Citt.* A *Caſuiſticall Oath, Bumpkin*; is an *Oath* with a *Nicety* in it: which *Nicety* may be ſolv'd *Two ways*; either by bringing the *Oath* to the *Conſcience*, or the *Conſcience* to the *Oath.* As for Example; The *Covenant* was a *Caſuiſticall Oath*, wherein the *Words* were Firſt brought to the *Conſcience*, and then the *Conſcience* to the *Intent.*

Caſes of Conſcience. Bum. *Let me put ſome Caſes to ye, ſuppoſe a Man ſworn* out *of his Right by* One Falſe Oath: *Whether or no may a Body ſwear him* into't *again by* Another?

Citt. Without diſpute you may: (See the Holy *Common-Wealth*) For it becomes an Oath of *Providence*, when it is apply'd to the maintenance, and ſupport of *Truth*, and *Juſtice.* And this holds too in ſwearing againſt the *Enemies of the Goſpel*; when the *Excellency* of the *End* a tones for the *Iniquity* of the *Means.* Or at worſt, 'tis but venturing to become a *Caſt-away* (after a *Scripture Example*) for a *General Good.*

The Saints ſhew a Text for all they do. Bum. *Ay, that's a ſure way* Citt, *for a man to ſwear a* Text *for all he does. As how ſhould the* Saints *have warranted their* Violence *againſt the* Late King, *and his* Loyal Nobility; *if it had not been for* that Text *in their favour*, they ſhall binde their *Kings* in Chains and their *Nobles* in Links of Iron.

Citt. Or let us imagine that a man has a *Wife* and *Children*, and not a bit of bread to put into their Heads: what do you think of a *Falſe Oath* in *ſuch* a Caſe, for a *Lovelyhood*?

Bum. *Nothing Plainer, for* he's worſe then an Infidel that does not provide for his Family.

Citt.

Citt. But then here's *Another Subtlety* for ye: *One* man *swears* what he *thinks*, and it proves *False*: *Another swears* what he does *Not think*, and it proves *True*. As thus, I see a Person walking in his Formalities, and swear, *there goes such a Doctor*; and it proves to be a *Baboon*; I see somebody in the *Chair*, and take him for a man of *Quality*, and he proves to be a *Knight of the Post*. A Nice Point.

Bum. *This is only swearing* to the best of a mans knowledge.

Citt. But what if I should swear that Gentleman in the *Gown*, to be a *Baboon*, and the other resemblance of a man of *Quality*, to be a *Knight of the Post*: And yet, without my believing either the One or the Other, they prove to be *such*, How goes That point.

Bum. *Such an Averment (I conceive) is to be taken rather for an* Inspiration, *then an* Oath.

Citt. Now there's *Another* way of *swearing* too: And that is, with a *Salvo*, or *Reserve*; which the *Doctors* of the *Separation* have in great Perfection (the *Jesuits* call it a *Mental Reservation*) as *the King's JUST Priviledges*:—*According to the BEST-REFORMED Churches*:—*As far as LAWFULLY I may*—and the like. Swearing with a Salvo.

Bum. *What do ye think of* Him *that parting from a* good Fellow *with a* Pot *at's Head, made* Affidavit *in Court* (*to excuse his* Non-appearing) *that* he left him in such a Condition that he believ'd he could not live a Quarter of an hour in't? Vulgar shifts.

Citt. Ay, ay, and the guiding of a *Dead mans hand* to the signing of a *Deed*, and then swearing to the *Hand*, these are Vulgar shifts.

Bum. *But pray'e what's the meaning of that Text that says*, Swear not at all? *For we must live up to our Rule.*

Citt. If we had not *Other Texts* to *Justify* swearing, we must have understood it according to the *Letter*. This is only meant of *Profane*, *Customary*, *Vain*, and *Inconsiderate Swearing*, without either *Provocation*, or *Profit*. And it is better certainly, for a man to *make* his Fortune by *One Pertinent Oath*, securing his *Future State*, by a matter of twenty pound a year, to a *Lecture*, when he dyes; then to go to the *Devil*, out at the *Elbows*, for a *Million* of *Idle ones*. Against swearing without Profit.

Bum. *But what did ye mean, e'en now by* Conference, *and* Invention *about swearing?*

Of Conference and Invention in swearing.

Citt. *Conference* is nothing in the World but putting of your Fiddles in *Tune*: And *Invention* helps every man in the *Gracing* of his *Part*. But then there's the *Invention WHAT*, and the *Invention HOW*; the *Invention* of the *Matter*, and the *Invention of the Manner?* 'Tis enough, as to the *Matter*, that it be fitted to the stress of the *Question*: But the Regulating of the *Manner* requires great Skill, Care, and Judgement. There's nothing that more recommends an *Evidence*, either to the *Bench*, or *Jury*, then *Modesty* of *Behaviour*, (even to the degree of *Bashfulness*) *Mildness* of *Speech*; a seeming *Scruple* of being *Positive*, where the point is nothing to the *Purpose*: But a Discovery of *Passion*, *Fierceness*, and *Prepossession* in a Cause, spoils all, and makes the *Testimony* look like *Malice*, or *Revenge*.

Bum. *I'm instructed thus far. But where's the* Advantage *all this while, that an* Old Covenanter *has of a* Novice, *as you were saying e'en now?*

The advantage an old Covenanter has of a Novice.

Citt. Oh, they are *Many*, and *Great*. *First*, he has gotten the *Command* of his *Conscience*, and brought it to *Stop*, and *Turn*, at pleasure. *Secondly*, He's true to his *Marque*, spring him what Game ye will, he Flys it *Home*. *Thirdly*, he has the *Digestion* of an *Estrich*; for after the Swallowing of the *Crown*, and the *Mitre*, there's nothing rises in his Stomach. *Fourthly*, there's no fear of *him*, for *snivlling*, or *Repenting*, and telling of *Tales*; for he's above the Common Fooleries of *Counsel*, *Argument*, or *Remorse*.

Bum. *Nay, 'tis with our* Consciences *as with our* Jades; *a* Phansy, *or a* Wind-mill, *puts them out of their Wits, till they're as'd to't. And there's no fear of his* Flinching *neither, I'le grant ye: For a* Conscience *that has stood firm under the* Ruine *of* Three Kingdoms, *will never* Boggle *sure in the Case of* Single Persons. *And yet I find many of our* Old Stagers *come about too. How shall I distinguish now which of them are* Sound, *and which* Rotten at Heart?

Citt. There were *Some*, ye must know, that swore either in *Simplicity*, or to save a *Stake*: And *Others*, in *Design*. Now those that were Noos'd *Before*, may be hamper'd *Again*; and those that compiy'd for *Advantage*, *Then*, will do so *Still*. And for the *Designers*, they may be known by the favour they shew to their *Old Principles*, and *Friends*; which is an *Infallible sign* of the *Old Leaven* in them *still*.

Bum.

Bum. *I'm of thy Opinion*, Citt; *and that they'le do us the Service ſtill, of* Honourable ſpies *in an* Enemies Quarter.

Citt. But what do we talk of *True*, and *Falſe*; which, in this Fallible world, is little more then Matter of *Opinion?* A *True Oath*, *Out-Sworn*, paſſes for a *Falſe* one; and a *Falſe Oath*, not *detected* paſſes for a *True* one: So that the *Scandall* of the *One*, and the *Reputation* of the *Other* is a thing of *Meer Chance*. Nay, in the practice of the World, 'tis rather the *Folly*, then the *Crime* of the *Falſhood* that marques a man for a *Raſcall*. For why ſhould *Perjury* be more *Veniall* in *One* Caſe, then 'tis in *Another?* *'Dam-me, Sirrah*, (ſays a *Huff* to his *Lacquay*) *if I don't beat your Braines out*; and yet he does not ſo much as Touch him. A young Fellow ſays a thouſand times more to his *Miſtreſſe*, or to his *Creditour*, and makes not one word of it good. A *Bully* will do as much to an Unbelieving *Taylor* for a Suit of *Clothes*, tho' he never intends to pay him. And yet here's no Talk of *Indictments*, *Fillaries*, or Loſs of *Eares* in the Caſe. True & falſe only matter of opinion.

Bum. *The* Reaſon *holds*, *I muſt Confeſs*; *tho the* Inſtances *do not perfectly* Agree: *For the* One *is an* Oath Originally Falſe *in the* Matter *of it*; *and the* Other *is an* Oath, made Falſe *by a* Subſequent breach *of it*.

Citt. Well, but all is *For-ſwearing* ſtill. And why a *Perjury* in *Choler*, in *Love*; for a Paultry Sum of *Money*, or a pair of pittyfull *Trowzes*, ſhould paſſe only as words of Courſe, and yet ſo much Load he laid upon a *ſtretch* for the Relief of a *Neceſſitous Family*, the gaining of an *Eſtate*, the Preſerving of *Religion*; and perhaps the Converſion of a *Kingdome*: This is a thing, I ſay, that I do not Comprehend.

Bum. *This is the* Law; *the* Law, Citt; *the* damn'd Law! *that's the ruine of us all. And what* is *this* Law *at laſt?*

Citt. It is juſt throwing up of *Croſs or Pile* in a *Vote*. *We* took *Croſſe*, and it happen'd to be *Pile*; and ſo we *loſt* it. In ſhort, and in Earneſt, we are guilty of Breach of Faith in the moſt Solemn duties of our Chriſtian Profeſſion.

Bum. *Thou haſt ſpoken more for the* Power, *the* Myſtery, *and the* Benefits *of* Swearing, *then the whole* Aſſembly *of* Divines, *the bleſſed* Synod Themſelves. *I prethee try thy skill, now, upon the Faculty of* LYING; *which as it* Naturally *goes before the Other, ſo I think it ſhould have preceded too in the Order of* place.

Citt. So it does, and it ſhould have ſo preceded; but that

ſwearing

Swearing and *Lying* comes better off the Tongue, methinks, then *Lying* and *Swearing*.

Bum. *This* Lying *is but a* Course word; *the precise folk in the Country call it* Fibbing; *but That will not do so Well neither*: *For* Fibbing *and* Lying, *differ just as* Tripping, *and* Stumbling, *or in some sense, as* Jest *and* Earnest. *So that I find it must be* Lying *at Last*.

The Laudable Faculty of *LYING*.

Lyes Tacit and Expresse.

Citt. To handle the point Methodically, *Bumpkin*, there are *Lyes*, *Tacit*, and *Expresse*. *Tacit*, as by *Looks*, *Signs*, *Actions*, *Gestures*, *Inarticulate Tones*: *Expresse*, as *Words at Length*; and those are *Lyes* either of *Creation*, *Composition*, *Substraction*, *Amplification*, or *Addition*: I might carry it farther to *Lyes Ecclesiasticall*, and *Civill*; but I'm loth to spin the Thrid too Fine.

Bum. *These are High points*, Citt; *how shall a man tell a* Lye *I pre'thee, without Opening his* Mouth?

Citt. Why? did'st thou never hear of the Language of the *Fingers*? But the Question is here upon *Hinting One thing*, and *Meaning Another*; and Especially in *Relation*, and *Religion*, in order to a *Thorough Reformation*.

A Thorough Reformation.

Bum. *I have heard a world of Talk of that same* Thorough Reformation; *all our* Meetings ring *on't*; *and there's such a deal of Clutter about the* Babylonish Garment; *the* not leaving of a Hoof behind; Root and Branch, *and the Like*: *But I could never reach the bottom on't yet*.

A Partial and a Thorough Reformation.

Citt. Take notice then that there is a *Simple*, or *Partiall Reformation*, and there is a *Thorough Reformation*; the *First*, in the Language of the *Reformers*, is only *Pruning of some Exorbitancies in Church and State*; As the Regulating of the *Kings Courts*, paring the Nails of the *Prerogative*; the Lopping off here and there a *Rotten Lord*, or a *Popish Bishop*; the Removall of an *Evill Counceller*, the purging of a *Disaffected House of Commons*, or so: The *Other* leaves *no King*, *no Lord*, *no Bishop*, *no House of Commons at all*; and briefly, it signifies the turning of a *Monarchy* into a *Common-wealth*, an *Episcopacy* into a *Presbytery*, and our *Great Charter* into *our Will and Pleasure*. In One word; it is *Dismounting* of our *Superiors*, and getting our selves into the *Saddle*.

The End of this Reformation.

Bum.

Bum. *Well, but This muſt be done by degrees.*

Citt. Ay marry muſt it, *Bumpkin*; and many a good morrow too, before we come to the point. There muſt be *Petition* upon *Petition*; *Remonſtrances*; *Grievances*; *Popery*; *Tender Conſciences*; *Faſtings*; *Seeking of the Lord*, *Religion*, *Liberty*, and *Proteſtations*, without End.

Bum. *Yes, yes, ye told me ſomewhat of this before, but it lies in a little compaſs*; *We muſt* Get *what we can by* Begging, *and then* Take *the* Reſt.

Citt. But now let me ſhew ye in *General*, how this is to be done. Whatſoever *leſſens* the *Government*, and *Exalts* the *Diſſenters* in the Eyes of the People, we are to conſider as a *proper Medium* toward a *Thorough-Reformation*; and this muſt be done by Hook or by Crook; but provided the thing be *done*, no matter *how*. The Reformers Two Topiques.

Bum. *But however* Citt, *we had better do't upon the* Square, *as far as the Matter will bear it, and make out the* Reſt *by* Fibbing.

Citt. That's a thing of Courſe *Bumkin*, to *uncover* the *Nakedneſs* of the *Government*, and rip up the *Errours*, and *Diſtempers* of *Church* and *State*. Why we have a *Committee* for the *Regiſtring* of *Male-Adminiſtrations*; we have our *Spyes* up and down from the *Bed-Chamber* to the *Meal-tub*: There's not a *Tennis-Court*, not a *Bawdy-Houſe*, not an *Eating*, or *Drinking-houſe* about the Town that *ſcapes us*; not a *Glaſs*, not a *Word*, not a *Frolick*, in any Conſiderable Family but we have it upon *Record*; and we have thoſe that will make it all good too upon *Oath*. Their Act and diligence.

Bum. *And this goes a great way, let me tell ye*, Citt. *for the People never conſider that* Rulers *are* Fleſh and Blood, *as well as* Other men: *and if any thing goes* amiſs, *they think there's no ſetting it* Right *again, without taking the whole Frame to* Pieces.

Citt. True *Bumkin*, and that's the thing that muſt do our Work; but then if *Truth*, and matter of *Fact* will not hold out, we muſt have Recourſe to *Invention*. And now I come to my Text. You remember the *two Topiques* I gave ye, of *leſſening* the *Government*, and *Advancing* our *ſelves*.

Bum. *Yes, yes, but a Government may be* Leſſen'd ſeveral ways. *Leſſen'd in* Authority, *Leſſen'd in* Power, *Leſſen'd in* Reputation; *that is to ſay, in the* Eſteem. *and* Affections *of the* People, *either by* Hatred, *or* Contempt. Several ways of leſſening Authority.

Citt. Very well, and ſo have we our ſeveral ways of making

our

our selves *Popular*: All which must be done by Improving Opportunities before us, toward these two Ends.

The Language of Nature above that of Comp'd.

Bum. *But prethee tell me what Advantage can we make of* Signs, *or how shall a man tell a* Fib, *without a word* speaking.

A Lye without a word speaking.

Citt. Why dost not thou know (*Bumkin,*) that the Language of *Nature* is infinitely more *Powerfull*, and *Significant*, then that of *Compass*? 'Tis Impossible to put the force of *Looks*, *Grones*, *Actions*, and *Gestures* into *Words*, Is it not a *Lye* to *look* as if we *pray'd*, and yet *Curse* in our *Hearts*; Or under Colour of a *Charity*, to put a *Shilling* into the *Bason*, and take *half a Crown* out? *Lord turn the Kings Heart*: (says the man above) which draws so sorrowful a Countenance after it, from one end of the Tabernacle to the Other, that you'd swear we were either falling into the *Seventh Persecution*, or that the *Pope* were already on this side *High-gate*.

Bum. *'Tis a strange thing* Citt, *the Agreement that we finde in many things, betwixt* Reasonable Creatures, *and* brute Animals, One Grone *runs quite thorough the* Meeting, *just as* One Note, *sets a whole pack of* Beagles *a yelling.*

Citt. This way of *Juggling*, and *Dissembling* by *Signs* is certainly very *Artificial*, and of *Incredible Effect*; but a man may better *understand*, then *express* it: And *Our People* are the most dextrous of all men living at that way of Address.

Of Fibbing in words at length.

Bum. *But what say you now to the business of* Lying, *or* Fibbing, *in words at length? Pray'e take your* Heads *in* Order, *and read upon them: And let me see some Instances how to apply them to the purposes of drawing the Affections of the People* from *the Government*, to our selves.

Citt. There is, First, a *Lye* or (let it be rather) a *Figment* of *Creation*, which Imports the raising of *Something* out of *Nothing*, and is a Figure not to be employ'd, but with Infinite Caution.

Bum. *Prethee goon* Citt, (*for my Brain Clarifies strangely upon't*) *and make me understand where I* may *make use of it, and where* not.

A Ly, or Figment of Creation.

Citt. It may be usefull, where the *present Belief* of a thing may be of greater *Benefit*, and *Service*, then the *Future Discovery* of it, can be a *Detriment*: As the Figment of the *Late Kings* being Confederate with the *Irish Rebels*; the *Cavaliers* cruelty at *Branford*, &c. Now though these Impostures had no Foundation at all, they serv'd the present turn yet, for the moving of the

the *City*, and the drawing of men together upon that Occasion; and when the Truth came afterwards to Light, the Forgery was only taken notice of as a Cheat, and that was all.

Bum. *Ay, and I have heard of the* Fobb'd Letters, *and the* Plague-plaisters. *and the Tricks they had in those days, still 'tis* One Plot cool'd, *for the Bolting of* Another. *These Devices stood 'um in great stead; and we have seen something on't of* Late, *in the Rumours of the* Kings raising an Army to aw the City, and the Parliament; *and the Forty Thousand* French *upon the Isle of* Purbeck. *Those Stories let me assure ye* Citt, *keep the Humour stirring.*

Citt. But what do ye think of the Invention of the *Protestant Martyrs Domestique*? Where he tells ye of *one of his Royal Highnesses Servants at* Edinburgh, *that was worse then* Malcus'd, *for he had both his Ears cut off*; and then of *the throwing Stones at the Windows of his Oratory?*

Bum. *Why* Citt, *was this a* Lye (*as thou calst it*) *of* Creation *then?*

Citt. Without the least Colour for't in the World. Now 'tis not the *Fiction*, but the *Imprudence* of it, that Vexes me: For as to the *Former*, it is certain that the *Duke* was treated both in *himself*, and in his *Train*, with the Highest Instances of Welcome and Respect *imaginable*: And then for the *Other*, the *Scots* were so far from *discountenancing* the Office of the *Church*, that a great many of the Nobility, and Persons of Quality have taken up the *Use* of it in their *Own Families*. Now for Him to impose this *Fiction* upon the world, without any pressing *Necessity*, and to *no purpose at all*, when he might be sure of a *Contradiction* by the *next Post*; This I say was a great slip of a wise man. The Protestant Domestiques Mistake.

Bum. *Come, come,* Citt. *The good man is not so much to be blam'd neither; for his* Intention *was to render the Duke Low in the Opinion of the* People, *and to discredit the* Common-Prayer. *Pray'e call to minde the account he gave of the famous Motion in the* City, *for the doubling of their* Guards, *and then set the* One *against the* Other.

Citt. No, no, *Bumpkin*; This is not to reflect upon Him; but only to shew thee how to apply this Figure. There is *another*, and a more *Profitable Fiction*, in regard that it is hard to be detected, as being grounded upon *Thought* and *Intention*; as the Late Kings Designe of setting up *Arbitrary* Power and Popery; Intentions not liable to proof.

ry; his purpose of coming into *London* one night with his *Papists*, and *Cavaliers*, to *burn*, *kill*, and *ravish* all before him. Now This was an Invention of *great Force*; For though in my Conscience his Majesty never *intended* it, yet the story past for current with the Multitude; only by the Vigilance of some active and zealous Patriots it was prevented. These *Figments* you may apply to the Head of *Lessening* the *Credit* of the *Government*.

Bum. *And in some degree, I hope, of* advancing *our* selves; *for such a deliverance works Both ways.*

Citt. Oh, *greatly*, *Bumpkin*; For as the People were possest One way *against* the *King*, for Designing upon their *Liberties*, *Properties*, and *Religion*; so were they as much perswaded on the Other hand, in favour of those that put themselves in the *gap*, to withstand That Oppression: whereas by the sequel it appear'd, that the *Kings* Designe was only to *defend* the *Government*, and the *Others*, to *Invade* it.

Bum. *We have run much of late upon This Vein of* Intention, *and it has done notably well with us too; for we have shook the very Foundations of the Government with it.*

The Force of the word *Affected*.

Citt. O, *Bumpkin*, thou dost not know the Charm of those Four Syllables, *Intention*; the Irresistible *power* and *virtue* of that little word, *AFFECTED*: *Popishly-Affected*, *Tyrannically-Affected*; This was it that blew up three Kingdoms but the Other day; *Faux*'s Powder under the Parliament-House was *nothing* to't. We have no *Windows* into our *Breasts*, and there's no *proving* or *disproving* of a *Thought*; only to those *Goblins*, *Fears*, and *Jealousies* every thing they look upon appears *Double*, even to the *discovery* of things that have no *Being*.

Bum. *Stay a little: May not a man suppose a Third Contrivance now, as Groundless as any of the rest? 'Tis but laying it remote enough, and the thing's Forgotten before ever the Truth can come to be Known.*

Citt. This is very well hinted, *Bumpkin*, and we have found it a very *Commodious Expedient*, even in This very Juncture. How many Bruits have been rais'd concerning *Leagues*, and *Intelligences Abroad*, *Designes*, and *Intrigues* at *Home*; that for a Moneth or Six weeks it may be, have set the People a madding from one end o'th Town to the Other; and at last not one syllable True, but all past over as if no such thing had

ever

ever been. Take me aright, *Bumpkin*; I do not speak This as condemning the *Practice*, but to set forth the Effect of this way of *Fibbing*.

Bum. *That's understood* Citt; *for 'tis not our part to Examine* the Means, *why they be* Good, *or* Bad; *but to pursue the* Reward, *and bring* That *about*, *by* any means *whatever*. *But what do ye say now to the* Lye *of* Composition, *as you call it?* No matter by what means, so we gain the End.

Citt. It is a *Figment*, *Citt.* that's made up of *Truth*, and *Falsehood*: but so enterwoven with *Colours*, and *Disguises*, that 'tis hard to say *which* is *which*. Composition.

Bum. *As if ye should put* Rats-bane *into a mess of* Porridge: *'tis* Porridge *still*, *though it be* Poyson.

Citt. Very well Alluded *Bumkin*, and the *Truth*, or the *Porridg*, is only (as the Doctors call it) the *Vehicle* to convey the *Poyson*. The *Art*, and *Mistery* of *this Fib* lies in gaining credit to the *Fiction*, by acknowledging those *Notorious Truths* that cannot be *Conceal'd*.

Bum. *Ay ay man*, *for that's but* telling *what every body* knows. *As for the purpose*. *The* Presbyterians *took up* Arms *'tis true*, *but alas! They never meant any hurt to his* Majesty: *and yet they took his* Royal Authority *to* themselves, *and seiz'd his* Shipping, *his* Forts, *and his* Revenue.

Citt. Ay but for *that Bumkin*, they say learnedly that the *King* was in the *Two Houses*, when *Charles Stuart* was in the Head of an *Army*.

Bum. *But they say again*, *that they never meant any hurt to his* Person *neither*; *and yet they* Revil'd *him*, *and* Shot *at him*.

Citt. The *Arch-Bishop* of St. *Andrews* was *Kill'd*, but then he was an *Ill*, *Harsh Man*, they say: 'twas done in *Revenge*, and no Act of the *Kirk-Party*: We were mightily derided about the *Scotch Rising*. At first, there was no more in't, then a *Tumultuary Rabble* that were got together to deliver themselves from an *Illegal Oppression*: And this past for current, till it was found to be a *form'd Rebellion*, and that the *Covenant* was the *Foundation* of it.

Bum. *The 'Doctrine's this. Not to Own any thing more then needs must*, *and to palliate what's amiss the best we can. And so proceed*, *I pray'e to the point of* Subsstraction.

Citt. The Rule of *Swearing*, *Bumkin*, that is to say, *the Truth*, *the whole Truth*, *and nothing but the Truth*, does not hold in *Lying*, A Lye of Substraction.

ing; so that in this Case of *Substraction*, we tell the *Truth*, but not the *whole Truth*.

Bum. *Our* Common Intelligences *are singularly good at* this Figure: *for they tell ye just as much of the Story as serves their turn, and no more.*

The artificial Improvement of Substraction.

Citt. They do so. Oh they are very well instructed. As in the Story of the *Officer* that broke a fellows head, as they were going to *Brantford* to chuse *Parliament Men*: He tells ye of the *Head broken*, but not a word of the *Provocation*; as the disordering of his men in their *March*, and their bauling out, no Courtiers, no *Pensioners*, no *Whitehallmen*.

Bum. *That's a Hagley way though* Citt, *and so for* Satterthwait, *about firing* De la Noys *House! He had the clearest proofs in the World of his Innocence; the Acquittal of the Court, and the Wench put to Death that accused him. But Honest* Benjamin *waves that Point, and tells ye only that* ever since the Maids Condemnation she continues firm, in what she first asserted, as to her being hir'd to Commit that horrid Fact.

Citt. These things are of Infinite use *Bumkin*, and if ye mark it, there passes not a week without scandalous Reflexions upon some of the *Guards*, to make the people sick of 'um. And 'tis very good Policy this; for if they were out the way, our business were done.

Papers the true Fireballs.

Bum. *These* Papers *are the true* Fireballs, *Forty times beyond the Compositions of* Powder, *and* Aquavitæ.

Citt. They are so *Bumkin*. There's no need of *Poking* them into *Hay-Lofts* with *Long Poles*; *Unroofing of Houses*, *Breaking of Windows*, *Creeping into Cellars*, &c. 'Tis but one *Tugg* at the *Press*, here in *London*, and in *Eight and Forty hours* ye shall see the *whole Kingdom* in a *Flame*. And let me tell ye, this *Fibb* of Substraction does a great deal towards it.

Bum. *And so it does in the Report these Pamphlets give ye upon all* Tryalls, *where a* Popish Cur *has the good luck to come* off. *Don't ye see how they whip the* Bench, *and the* Jury *about the* Pig-Market? Sir Thomas Gascoin *was return'd* Not Guilty: *but it was by a* Jury *of his* Countrymen. *And so ye are told the* Charge, *with a very slender or no Account at all of the* Defence.

Citt. Why this is by the Virtue of *Substraction*: it is a kind of a *Negative Lye*, the *Concealing* any *Substantial part* of the *Truth*. They talk as if there were a Designe afoot for the *Suppressing* of

of these *Intelligences*: and by my Soul, I believe it would be the *Undoing* of the *Cause*.

Bum. Why they Govern the Land man, Do they not make *and* Dissolve *what* Alliances *they please*. Arraign Judges; Condemn Innocents? *Put* out, *and put* in, *what* Privy Counsellors *they think fit*? Place *and* Displace Secretaries of State? *Publish the Privacies of the* Cabinet? *And in all Cases, tell the People what they are to trust to*? Pamphlets governs the Land.

Cit. Right, and all this passes for *Gospel* in the *Country*; though the devil a word on't that's known at *White-Hall*. But then they have the Cruellest way of Nicking a man when they have a minde to't. Such a one has got such or such a Place at Court, though so and so: and to'ther must be Committed *Close Prisoner*, though the *Lords in the Tower* may have People come to them, and play at *Nine-Pins*.

Bum. Ay, And then let the Bravest things Imaginable be done by One man, *either ye have the bare* Abstract *in General, of such a thing done, or nothing at all: But if Another man does but let a* Fart *upon a Fit of the* Belly-ake, *there's a* Thanksgiving *presently all over* England *and* Wales, proclaim'd *for his* Recovery. Killing goes by favour.

Cit. These are Great helps *Bumkin*, that we can *Raise* and *Depress* whom *we* please. *Besides* that the Multitude from *these Liberties* draw *this Conclusion*, either they would *Contradict* these things, if they *could*; Or *Hinder* them if they *Durst*. We'el go now to the *Figment* of *Addition*.

Bum. As Substraction *is the* Truth, *but not the* Whole Truth, *so* Addition, *I presume, is somewhat* more then the Truth: *But pray't let me distinguish betwixt* Composition, *and* Addition.

Cit. The Former, is the *Blending* and *Confounding* of the *Truth*, with *Fictitious Matter*: The other is the piecing out of a *Truth*, with a *Falshood*, when the *bare Truth* would not do the Work. As thus, It is true, that the Army rays'd for some Attempt upon the *Netherlands*, in 1673. was drawn up on *Black-Heath*; But all the rest of the Story, for the Advance of the *French Government*, the Promoting of the *Irish Religion*, and the threatning of a *Storm* to fall upon *London*, is an *Additional Figment*. It is *True*, that there were *Fireworks* found in the *Savoy*, but the *Addition* is *false* of being *design'd* according to the *Story*. The Figment of Addition.

Bum. What's the difference now betwixt Addition, *and* Amplification.

Cit.

Amp'ification. *Citt.* *Addition* is a *Suppliment* of new *Fall*: *Amplification* is only an *Aggravation* of the *Matter* in *Queſtion*. Or in ſhort, the ſetting a flouriſh or a gloſs upon the buſineſs. And it holds as well the making of our *Adverſaries Odious*, as our *ſelves Conſiderable*.

Bum. *I have many times obſerved that Gods Ju'gments, and Bleſſings have been ſtill either Imputed to the* Wickedneſs *of the* Epiſcopal Party, *or aſcribed to the* Sanctity *of the* Non-Conformiſts.

Citt. But if you will ſee a *Maſter-piece*. Reade the *Preamble* to the Relation of the *Kings Army* at *Brauford*. And take this with you before hand, that there was no cruelty exerciſed at all, beyond the common effects of *Hot blood* upon ſo *Obſtinate* a diſpute.

A wen'erfull aggravation. *Unnatural, Inhumane, and ſtrange* Cruelties, *ſend forth a Voice, and the Voice which they ſend forth is ſo loud, that it awakes even ſecure and ſleepy* Mankind, *and ſtirs up their Bowels to an enflamed and united Indignation. The divided pieces of a Woman abuſed to death needed not the Eloquence or Voice of an Orator; they ſpake themſelves, and they ſpake ſo loud, that they were heard by a whole Nation, and drew forth this Anſwer, there was no ſuch deed done nor ſeen from the day that the* Children *of* Iſrael *came out of* Ægypt. *Neither did they fetch only an Anſwer of Words, but of Deeds: All the Men of* Iſrael *gather'd together as One Man; againſt the Authours and Abettors of that abominable wickedneſs.*

It is a Lamentation, and to be taken up for a Lamentation, that in England *ſuch horrid Acts ſhould be done, that yield forth this high crying & affrighting Voice—No ſuch thing hath been done ſince* England *came out of the* Ægypt *of* Rome, &c. *Exact Collections*, Pag. 758.

Better at Oaths and Fibbs then Arguments. Bum. *Why this Exclamation was as much as the whole Cauſe was worth. Ah,* Citt, *if we were no better at Oaths and Fibbs, then we are at Arguments, we ſhould e'en bring our Hoggs to a fair Market.*

Swearing and Lying the beſt Argumens. *Citt.* Alack for thee *Bumkin*, thou doſt not *know* an *Argument* when thou *ſeeſt* it. Why this knack of Swearing and Lying is our way of Arguing; and whoever carries the Cauſe, (let him carry it right or wrong) is the beſt Diſputant. Prethee tell me; what would ſt thou think of any man that ſhould go to convert the *Chineſes* in *Welch*, or talk *Hebrew* to a *Laplander*? 'Tis the ſame thing man, to talk *Reaſon* to the *Rabble*. 'Tis little leſs then *Popery* ye Fool; 'tis *ſpeaking in an unknown Tongue*; what were all your *Cavalier-Doctors*, and *Stateſmen* the better for

for their *Syllogismus*, their *Politiques*, and their *Cases of Conscience*; when the very Noyse of *TYRANNY*, and *POPERY* beat'um all out of the *Field*?

Bum. *Nay, I must confesse*, Citt; *that* Our Case *is to be decided by the* Multitude; *and That way must needs succeed best, that is most accomodate to the Humour and Capacity of the* Umpires *of the* Controversy. *But yet I could wish that thou had'st born up a little t'other day, to* Trueman, *upon the Points of* Religion *and* Government.

Citt. Why you must know, *Bumpkin*, that there are Two ways of *Reply* upon Disputes of That Quality; the *One* is by *Reason*, (which sounds the same thing with the Apostles *Vain Phylosophy*) and the *Other* is by *Clamour*: The *Former* is for your *Speculators*, or *Pedants*; and the *Other* is for men of *Zeal*, and *Bus'nesse*. But there's One has mawl'd *him* since, to some purpose i'faith, I believe hee'l have little Joy of his *Disputations*. Two ways of Reply, Reason and Clamour.

Bum. *Oh, I have heard of two or three that have had a Fling at him. There's One of 'um they say that's a* Devilish Witty Little Fellow, *but I cann't for my Blood call his Name to mind; but I think't was* Pugg; *or thereabouts.* Little Pugg's a witty fellow.

Citt. By my Troth like enough; for one was telling me to'ther day, that the *Drill* in *Bartlemew-Fair*, with a *Leaguer-Pipe* in's mouth, was the very *Picture* of him. But didst not thou see *Romes Hunting-match?*

Bum. *Yes, yes; 'tis a* Broad-side *with a* Wooden Cutt; *They have put him in the Head there of the* Popes Beagles, *with a* Pen *in One* Pot, *and a* Fire-ball *in the* Other. *They call the whole* Pack *the* Antichristian Crew: *The Fellow has a woundy Head-piece that Contriv'd it.* Another shrewd Head-piece.

Citt. Ay but the *t'other* girds him Confoundedly; and then there's a *Letter* worse then *That* too. But this is all by way of *Answer*: If thou could'st but *Recite his Positions* now, you and I might bang it out, hand to fist, in *Mood*, and *Figure* (as they say.)

Bum. *Nay let* mee *alone for a* Reciter, *if* That *will do't*. The Crown of *England* is allow'd on all hands to be *Imperiall*; *and* That *I lay down for my* First Position.

Citt. Why then y'are a *Crack-fart*, and a *Pensioner*. Now go on, without any Demur. Pugg's Logique.

Bum. The King is *Unaccountable*, and not One of the *Three Estates*, as *Lame Giles* would have him.

Citt. Y'are a *Sawce-box*, and a *Yorkist*.

Bum.

Bum. I will maintain that *England* is not a *Mixt*, but only a *Qualifi'd Monarchy*.

Citt. Y'are an *Idle Fellow*, *Sirrah*; and I have seen ye at *Maſſe* at the *Proteſtant Coffee-houſe*.

Of Subjection & Dominion.

Bum. *I ſay again, that there is but the* Governing, *and the* Governed; *and that They are no longer the* Governed, *that* Govern, *nor the* Governing *that are* Governed. *And in Little*, That Subjection *and* Dominion *are Inconſiſtent, in One and the ſame* time, *and* ſubject.

Citt. Y'are an *Idle, Impudent Fellow*; and I'le be hang'd if I don't catch ye in the *Sham-Plot*. What do ye think of *This* now? And tell me without Complement, if I have not run this Puppy up to the Wall.

Bum. *I cannot for my Life* Citt, *underſtand this way of* Anſwering *yet*.

Citt. Why prethee *Bumkin, calling of Names*, is *ſpeaking* to the *People* in a *Language* that they do both *Underſtand*, and *Believe*.

Bum. Oh, there's no queſtion to be made on't, a man had better be ſuſpected for a Spirit, *than for a* Papiſt: *Nay if it were but* Popiſhly-Affected, *it would go hard with him. But what will ye* ſay Citt, *if I tell ye of a man that ſaw the* deviliſh Letter *ye ſpoke of?*

A ſecret.

Citt. I have heard ſomewhat on't my ſelf. But prethee let's confer Notes upon't. Is there not ſomething in't, that he would have been Fribling with a *Printers Wife* once; and that he promis'd to bring off her *Husband* if ſhe'd have done him the good Office? I had it from *Bareſoot*, and yon ſame *Bacon-of-Government-man*, what a devil do ye call him? the *Caſe-Putter* at the *Swan* in *Fiſh-ſtreet*; he that ſwell'd ſo at the name of the Duke of *Yorke*; Pox on't, that I ſhould forget him now; *Did ye never hear of the Thumb?* (as *Ariſtippus* Says.)

Some body help me out.

Bum. *Why Faith* Citt, *I have heard as much: But I have been told too by one of the* Journey-men, *that ſhe was always* a good Gameſome Wench, *and that the* Gentleman (*being* well bred) *might perhaps offer her the* Civility *to* Oblige *her*.

The Lady no blabb.

Citt. I can ſay nothing to her *Gameſomeneſs*; but ſhe was no *Blab*, I can aſſure ye; For though ſhe was in *Court*, when her Husband was *Fin'd* and *Sentenc'd* upon That *Gentlemans Proſecution*, ſhe made no words on't.

Bum. That's well obſerv'd, Citt; *For ſhe ſhould have told the* Bench *me-thinks*; *that* if ſhe would have done ſo and ſo, 't'had never come to This.

Citt.

Citt. Ay but Yonder's a *Broken Thrid-merchant Bumpkin*, (and he had it from *his own Brother*) told a friend of mine, that *Truman* (when *Licensing* was in fashion) would never *License* any thing against the *Papists*; and that he took *mony* for *Licensing*; and layd a *Tax* upon *his Majestyes Liege-People*, (as Pugg the *Notarius* has it) without the Consent of their *Representatives* in *Parliament*. Hwe a care of the Thrid-Merchant.

Bum. *These are bloody things*, Citt, *and they resolve to scour him as bright as Silver, before they have done with him.*

Citt. Nay, if we don't make him either a *Papist*, or *Popishly-Affected* I'le dye for't: yes, or any man living, that has either *a good Estate*, *good* Furniture in's house, *Mony* in his *Pocket*, or *Brains* in his *Head*.

Bum. *Well, but to my knowledg*, Citt, Truman *does not value himself upon any of* these Qualifications. *But prethee let's leave this Noddy a little, and talk of something else, what dost think was the reason that our* Parliaments *have been put off so* of Late?

Citt. The very Question that I put t'other day my self; and 'twas answer'd Thus. That the *Nation* could not be *Happy*, but in the Preservation of the *Government*, as it is establisht by *Law*: for the tearing of the *Law* to pieces, must needs distract the *People*, when they have no Rule to walk by: That a great many worthy Persons were disappoynted in the Elections, by being *misrepresented* to the People: That by these Practices, diverse persons were Obtruded upon the Nation, of *remarkable Disaffections* both to *Church*, and *State*: And that therefore, I suppose, they might be put off, to the end that some *Other Distempers* might be *composed*, before their *Meeting*. Matters of State,

Bum. *Well! and what Return did'st thou make him?*

Citt. I told him, he Smelt of the *Court*; and that he had a *Pope* in's belly; and so I would have no more to do with him. The old Topique,

Bum. *These People are grown Strangely* bold *of Late. But* Perseverance *is a* Grace, Citt, *that will carry us on, thorough* Thick and Thin.

Citt. Now thou talkst of a *Grace*, *Bumpkin*; there is not any *Action*, or *Profession*, in Human Life, without its *peculiar Graces*. There are the *Graces* of the *Tubb*, and of the *Pulpit*; the *Quack*, and the *Doctor*; Nay, the *Academy*, and the Pad. as the *Scotch-man* sayd of *Du Vall*, that was Trust'd up for the *High-way*. *By my Sault* (*Sir*, Several sorts of graces.

Says he) *It would have done your Heart good to have seen That Gentleman upon Action. One* man becomes the *Bench*; *Another* the *Stage*: And ye shall see *One* man *Robb* a *Church* with a better Grace than *Another* Erects an *Hospital*.

Bum. *And then we call a* Well-affected *Brother*, *a Babe of* Grace.

Citt. That's somewhat near the matter, *Bumpkin*; for the *Grace* that we have to do withall, is only a certain Gift of *Impulse* that disposes a man to the *Exercise* of his *Trade*, and *Calling*. As for Example; what's a *Pick-pocket* the better for his Skill in *Diving*, if he has not the Grace to keep his hands in Ure? *But* now for thy *Perseverance* thorough *Thick and Thin*; there's more in *That*, perhaps, then thou art aware of; for there's a difference betwixt *Staring*, and *Stark mad*.

Bum. *I prethee be clear* Citt, *that we may understand one another.*

Of Perseverance.

Citt. The *Dutch* have a very good *Proverb*, *Heaven helps the strongest*, (they say) So long as *Providence* is on Our side *Bumkin*, all's *Well*; but I'm not for Running my head againſt *Stone Walls*.

Bum. *But how* far *must we go then* Citt, *and whither* Next?

Citt. Take *me* for thy Guide *Bumkin*, and my Life for thine thou shalt never Miscarry. The game *we* have to play is a kinde of *Trick-Track*: (but what do I talk of *Trick Track* to a *Bumkin*) the great Nicety is to know when to go *Off*.

Bum. *So that in some Cases I finde we* may *go off*: *But why must I swear so dammably against* Flinching *then*?

Citt. Because *we* are bound in Honour *Bumkin*, not to *Flinch*. *But* if the *Cause it self Flinches*, who can help it?

Bum. *What do ye think then of the* Five Scottish Martyrs, *who maintain'd it to the Death that the* Killing *of the* Arch-Bishop *was no* Murther; *and the* Rising, *no* Rebellion. *And yet* (*as I take it*) Their *Cause had* Flinch'd *to some* tune, *when the whole Party was either* Cut off, Routed *or taken* Prisoners.

Citt. As a friend, *Bumkin*, the world is made up of *Fools*, and *Knaves*, *Some* are to *Act*, and *Others* to *Contrive*; the *Fools* are to keep up the *Claim*, and the *Knaves*, when time serves, are to take *Possession*.

Bum. *Well, but what must become of Us in the Interim then?*

Citt.

Citt. The *Interim*, (as thou call'st it) is a kind of *Inter-regnum*; wherein we are *Absolv'd* (as it were) by a certain *Extraordinary Dispensation* from all *Bonds*, *Civil*, and *Moral*, till we can get Uppermost *again*. Absolution from Oaths and Promises.

Bum. *So that here are* Two Providences, *One upon the Heel of the* Other. The One *in turning all our* Oaths, *and* Promises, *in* The Interval, *into* Nullities; *And the* Other *is an allowance of us to make the best of the* First Opportunity.

Citt. That's well Collected: For *all Oaths*, and *Promises* are *Void*, when the thing promised ceases to be in *our Own Power*: And an Oath that was *made* in the *Flesh*, may be *broken* in the *Spirit*.

Bum. *Deliver me! Here's* Truman *just upon us. If he talks again stand to him* Citt.

Citt. The Rogue has us in's Eye; and there's no slipping into the Wood; but let *me* alone with him.

Enter TRUMAN.

Tru. Well met Gentlemen. What? you'r for a Mornings Draught at *Hamstead* (I suppose). I'le e'en back again and keep ye Company.

Citt. If you please Sir, 'tis a fine Walk.

Tru. So, and how go Squares since the crash we had yonder at ——*What do ye call the place?*

Citt. Oh, very well, there's a Book come out that proves a man may talk of *Religion*, and *Government* as learnedly over a Dish of *Coffee*, as over a Pot of *Ale*.——There's a *Bobb Bumkin*, by the way of *Tom* and *Dick*——(aside.) *Tom* and *Dick*

Tru. Look ye, Here's the *Book*. I ha' just read it over.

Bum. *Pray let me see't a little.——Ay, here 'tis; I wonder in my heart what the man means by putting* **Strange**, *and* **Strangely**; *and* **Strange** *and* **Stranger** *again, in the* 5th *and* 6th *Pages here, in the great* Black English Letter, *so different from the rest of the Book.* A High-flight of Wit.

Tru. Nothing in the world but a high-flight of Wit; as if a man that is in *Trouble*, should cry, *O this villanous, rascally* **Care**! Or tell a *Glavering Cur* that *Fawns* upon ye to your *Face*, and *bawls* at ye behinde your *Back*, *Oh*! *y'are* **Curtis**, *Sir.*

Bom. *Well, but I'm with you once again. What do ye think of your* University-Dul-man *there*, Pag. 12. *with his*, O Lord, make these *Young Willows* to grow up to be *Old Oaks*, that they may become *Timber*, fit to *Wainscote* thy *New Jerusalem.*

Tru. Upon my Credit, this *Dulman* was a *Presbyterian* (For *your Divines* have, here and there, an *University-man* among them! And it was another of the *Same stamp*, that told God Almighty in his Prayer; *Lord*; *if thou didst but know what our Friends Suffer now in* Ireland, *&c.*

Citt. Pray'e let *me* have a word now. How will ye justify the *calling to mind, relating, and printing*, (*notwithstanding the Acts of Oblivion*) *all the Evils of our Late Rebellion?* as we finde it charg'd. *Pag.* 22.

Tru. Nay, rather, *Citt*, how will *You* acquit your selves, either to God, or Man, for *doing* the same things over again; if it be so heinous for Other people to *Remember* them? As if a *Pardon* for *One Rebellion*, were an *Authority* for *Another.*

A Learned Piece.

Citt. Pray'e let me read This Passage to ye Here, Pag. 28. *He that is not* against *us, is* with *us. And I never heard he* (speaking of *L'Estrange*) *ever wrote against* Catholiques; *except it were a* Protestant Catholique; (*and that* (*he says*) *is a Solœcism.*) *But he has pepper'd the* Presbyterians. *A* Protestant (*he says*) *is a* Lutheran; *and a* Catholique *the* Characteristicall Note *of a* Christian; *And it seems, he would have the Church of* England *stick up her bristles, and disown all Fellowship with* Protestants abroad, *and knock out all* Non-conformists brains *at* Home; *as the only way to prevent* Popery: What do ye think on't?

Tru. Why I'le tell ye *Citt*; you never writ against *Incest*; are ye *for it* therefore? *L'Estrange* never writ against the *Alcoran*; is he therefore a *Mahumetan*? Neither do I find any thing you have Cited of him, but what is *True*, and *Warrantable.* You say *he has pepper'd the Presbyterians*; and the world knows they have need of *Seasoning.* But why the *Bristles* of the Church of *England*? For the *Beasts*, ye know, are all in the *Parlours.* Nor does he speak One word of *dividing* from *Protestants abroad*: Only upon Dr. *Oates's Testimony*, that the

The Priests lye lurking among the *Non-Conformists*, he very Honestly advises the Ferretting of the *Conventicles*: And This your Authour calls forsooth, *The beating out the brains of the Non-conformists.*

Blesse me Gentlemen! is This the *Pillar* of your *Profession*? the *Pugg* the *Mouth*, and *Advocate* of your *Cause*? Why there's not one grain of *Common Sense*, *Honesty*, or *Good Manners* in't; Not a *Ragg* that would not bring a *Scandall* upon a *Dust-Cart*. *Pugg* the mouth of the Cause.

Citt. You may value't as you please; But he has done as much in his *Narratives* for the *Protestant Religion*, it may be, as any man, and with as good applause too, though they pass in other peoples Names. *Pugg* Narratives.

Bum. *'Tis an admirable Piece, That of his about the* Fires, *and several Other things too, really that would make a mans heart ake.*

Tru. If thou mean'st by way of *Compunction*, *Bumpkin*, I cann't Imagine how *One* man can *repent* of *Another* mans *Sins*. But I suppose thou Speak'st of *Earth-quakes*, and *Signs* in the *Ayr*; which are enough to make a mans heart Ake indeed.

Citt. And then for his *Style*, *Truman*, He has a *Copia Verborum*, for all Sorts and Sizes, of *Matters*, and *Men*; as *Rogue*, *Rascall*, *Knave*, *Villain*, *Traytor*, *Trash*, *Trumpery*, *Trinketts*, and so forth, till this time Twelvemoneth. I'le undertake he shall Pelt ye a *Cathedral-man* Four and Twenty Hours by *Shrewsbury Clock*, and not call him Twice by the same Name. And then on the Other side, If he has the hap (in the heat of his *Career*) to stumble upon a poor *Dissenting* Brother, he licks his lips upon't, and pours forth nothing but *Milk* and *Honey*: Oh the *Precious Ones*, The *Chosen of the Lord*, and more Heavenly *Epithetes* then would lie betwixt This and *High-gate*. *Pugg* Facetiæ.

Tru. But has he any *Languages* too?

Citt. If you had him but one half-hour upon the *Talking-Pin*, you'd swear that he had swallow'd *Calepines Dictionary* whole, and spew'd it *up* again; And such a *Memory*——

Tru. These are wonderful Faculties Gentlemen, to qualifie a man to be the Advocate of a Party.

Citt. But what if the Gentleman were as despicable as you make him? what's That to our *Profession*?

Tru. Oh very much; for if he be *Your Representative*, *You* Speak in *Him*; and he does but *Blunder*, *Raile*, *Falsify*, and *Cobble*, in *your Name*, and by *Your Commission*: If it be otherwise disown him. But what is your Profession, First?

Citt.

Citt. We do *profesſe* our ſelves to be *Loyall Subjects* to his Majeſty in his *Juſt Authority*; and *True Proteſtants*, according to the pattern and Practice of the *beſt Reformed Churches*.

Tru. That is to ſay, in *Plain Engliſh*, you are *Covenanteers*.

Citt. Well, but I hope a man may be both a *Good Subject*, and a *Good Chriſtian*; and yet a *Covenanter*.

The Covenanting Chriſtian and Subject.

Tru. Can *he* be a *Good Chriſtian* that reviles the *Mother* of our *Bleſſed Saviour*, that Stabs the *Babe* in her *Arms*, in *Effigy*: that Decryes the *Lords Prayer*, as *Apocryphal*, that *Robs Cæſar* of his *Due*, and *Conſecrates* his *Profeſſion*, with *Violence*, and *Blood*? Or can *He* be a *Good Subject*, that gives *Laws* to his *Sovereign*; Nay that takes away his *Crown*, and his Life, and Tramples upon his *Fellows* as his *Slaves*?

Citt. Why what's all this to the *Covenant*?

Tru. Yes, by *That Covenant*, all this was done: And by *That Covenant*, *Unrenounced*, All this muſt be done again, whenever in your it, or that Power. Nay you are *Covenant-Breakers* in the *Not* doing of it; if you were *Covenant-keepers* in the doing on't.

Citt. Well; but the buſineſs of the *Covenant* was only to deliver the King out of the Hands of the *Papiſts*, to demoliſh all Monuments of *Superſtition* and *Idolatry*, and to ſettle a *Thorow Reformation*. All the miſchief fell in by the *By*.

Tru. Very good; and you took him out of the hands of *Papiſts*, to deliver him into the hands of the *Executioner*. Did ye not? Truly a high Obligation. And then for your zeal againſt *Idolatry*, a Rich *Crucifix*, that was an *Idol* in a *Papiſts* hand, became a *Moveable* in yours; for commonly what ye *Took*, ye *ſold*: and your *Thorow-Reformation* ended in a *Sacrilegious Rapine* and *Confuſion*. And ſo you're wellcome to your Journeys End.

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